O'HAGAN.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

HENRY EDMUND O'HAGAN

A SENATOR FROM THE THIRTIETH DISTRICT

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE OF OHIO

JANUARY 9th, 1883.

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Mr. PERKINS offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

[S. R. No. 72.]

Resolved, That the proceedings of the Senate with reference to the death of the late Senator HENRY E. O'HAGAN, including remarks made by Senators, be printed in pamphlet form, and that fifty copies be sent to the family of the deceased, and that the remainder of a thousand copies be distributed to the State officers (including members of the Supreme Court) and members of this General Assembly.

That the Sergeant-at-Arms be and he is hereby directed to see that this resolution is carried into effect.

HENRY EDMUND O'HAGAN.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

WEDNESDAY, *January 3, 1883.*

The following communication was received from the Governor:

STATE OF OHIO, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR, COLUMBUS, January 2, 1883.

To the Senate:

Hon. HENRY E. O'HAGAN, Senator from the Thirtieth District, having died on the 11th day of December, 1882, writs of election were issued to the Sheriffs of the counties constituting said District, as required by Statute, directing that a special election be held on the 2d day of January, 1883, to fill the vacancy caused thereby.

Very Respectfully,

CHARLES FOSTER,
Governor.

On motion of Mr. STRONG, the communication was referred to a select committee of three, with instructions to report on Tuesday, January 9th, 1883, at 3:30 o'clock P. M.

The President appointed as said Committee Messrs. STRONG, WOLCOTT, and WHITE.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

TUESDAY, *January 9, 1883.*

At the hour set for the consideration of the special order of the day—there being a full Senate and a large attendance of visitors, among whom were the Governor, the State officers, and members of the House of Representatives—the President of the Senate, Lieutenant Governor R. G. RICHARDS, rose and said:

Senators: On the 3d instant the Senate was informed officially, by message from the Governor, of the death of the late Senator O'HAGAN. That message was referred to a committee, with instructions to report this day at 3:30 o'clock P. M., which report was made the special order for this hour. The time has arrived; and we are again reminded of the loss of one whom we all loved and respected. Less than one year ago he was with us in this chamber, a faithful, active, and useful member of this body—to-day he sleeps

"'Neath the sod and the dew,"

near his late home, where now his loved ones mourn the loss of a kind husband and loving father. He is at rest amid the scenes of a busy life. As we now think of him, his memory, like a mirror, reflects the ardent patriot, the conscientious legislator, the true friend, the genial and

courteous gentleman. And so long as we are permitted to survive him, his name will recall to mind one whose clear head was quick to comprehend and whose warm heart always beat responsive to liberal thought and generous impulse.

"His labors are over;
His work is done;"

but HENRY E. O'HAGAN will live long in the memory of thousands who survive him.

Thereupon Mr. STRONG submitted the following report:

The Committee to whom was referred the message of his Excellency, the Governor, relating to the death of Senator HENRY E. O'HAGAN, of the Thirtieth District, having had the same under consideration, submit the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, Death, with its inexorable decree, has again entered our chamber, and removed Hon. HENRY E. O'HAGAN, Senator from the Thirtieth District; and

WHEREAS, We desire to give public expression to our appreciation of him while living, and sorrow because of his death; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in expressing our unfeigned sorrow at this dispensation of Providence, we recognize that the State of Ohio has lost a faithful servant; one who, a native of the Commonwealth, was loyal to its interests and welfare, and proud of its history; one who was recognized in the commercial world as enterprising and honest; one who graced the social circle, and one who, in domestic life, was a devoted husband and a loving father.

Resolved, That the most heartfelt condolence and sympathy of the Sixty-fifth General Assembly is hereby tendered the afflicted family of our deceased fellow-member. Out of their great sorrow may they look through the clouds of the hereafter, and may they gather consolation in the blessed fact that when time shall have merged into eternity, there will be a glorious reunion in that place of eternal rest, where parting shall be no more.

Resolved, That out of respect to his memory, and as a token of our sorrow, the chair occupied by the late Senator be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

Resolved, That a certified copy of these resolutions, signed by the President and Clerk of the Senate, be transmitted to the family of the deceased Senator.

L. M. STRONG,
ELMER WHITE,
S. P. WOLCOTT.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

REMARKS OF SENATOR L. M. STRONG,

OF HARDIN.

Mr. President: In the resolutions just submitted, your committee have attempted to express, briefly, what they believed to be the universal sentiment of respect entertained by the members of the Senate for the memory of the late Senator O'HAGAN, as well as the sorrow felt at his loss.

I will avail myself of this occasion to add a word in my own behalf. A second time, since we first met as members of this Senate, have we been called upon to bow our heads in sorrow at the death of a companion. Scarce had we taken our seats, when death's messenger entered and served his imperative summons upon one of our number; and even before we had an opportunity to know and appreciate his worth, Senator NEEDHAM was called from this chamber to take his place in the silent chamber of the dead.

Not a year has elapsed, and the dread messenger has come again. His summons has been served and obeyed, and again we have had a vacant chair draped in mourning. This time, one whom we have learned to know and esteem, one whose uniform kindness and courtesy has endeared him to us all, has suddenly and unexpectedly been called, and is missed from his accustomed place in the Senate. It is fitting that we pause and pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one who held so prominent a place in the Senate and in the hearts of his associates.

I cannot attempt to deliver a eulogy upon the life of the late Senator O'HAGAN. Others, who are more familiar with the story of his life, must perform that service. I desire, only in a general way, to bear testimony of the high esteem in which I held him during the comparatively short period in which it was my privilege to know him. My acquaintance with him commenced with the Sixty-fourth General Assembly, in January, 1880. In common with some other Senators now present I had the pleasure of serving with him in the Senate, during the sessions of that General Assembly, and again last winter, and here learned to know and appreciate his worth, and to esteem him, both for his efficient services as a Senator upon this floor and for his eminent social qualities as a man.

In the Senate, his manner was such as to command the attention and respect of all his associates. His language, when addressing the Senate, was plain, earnest, and impressive, while his inherent good nature was continually overflowing to add life and cheer to our sessions. We were always glad to have O'HAGAN at his place in the Senate. The light of his sunshine was just what we needed.

His great knowledge of the world and extensive acquaintance with men made him a very pleasant and useful companion, while the generosity of his great open heart made him the kindest and best of friends. He seemed able to anticipate the wants of his friends, and was ever ready to contribute to their pleasures. It was no trouble for O'HAGAN to go out of his way to serve a friend.

Personally, I have many reasons for remembering him with kind feelings, and even at his last opportunity he placed me under obligations in a manner which illustrates his characteristic kindness.

Last summer I was passing through Sandusky, and, while awaiting a train, I called on Senator O'HAGAN at his place of business. I found him just starting to attend to some business in court which could not be delayed. He excused himself, but first insisted upon furnishing me a conveyance to ride about the city during my stay. After a pleasant drive I came back, but he had not returned, and I never saw him afterwards; but not very long after followed his remains to their final rest.

Mr. President, to me the most valued personal advantage of our association here is that of friendships here formed; and when the duties of this session shall have closed, and we return to our homes, I trust we will carry with us none but the most pleasant recollections of our associates in the Senate.

Time, in his ceaseless flight, will soon bear us on to other scenes and other associations, but whatever be our fate, or wherever we may go, we will always keep "on memory's walls" true pictures of our friends and associates here, and in the group cherished and bright will ever be O'HAGAN, the Senator from Erie.

REMARKS OF SENATOR GODFREY JAEGER,

OF OTTAWA.

Mr. President: It has been deemed appropriate that, as the successor of Senator O'HAGAN, I should present here to-day a sketch of his life. If my language shall appear unsympathetic, it is because I do not wish to encroach upon the province of others who are prepared to give expression to the feelings of this body respecting the death of their late colleague, and to their appreciation of his many fine qualities of character. On visiting Mrs. O'HAGAN at her home, a few days since, for the purpose of obtaining the necessary data for this paper, she informed me that an account published in the Sandusky *Register* of December 13, 1882, two days after the Senator's death, was substantially correct, and I am indebted to that journal for the greater part of my sketch.

HENRY EDMUND O'HAGAN was born in Norwalk, Ohio, April 4, 1835. He was of Irish descent. His father, PATRICK O'HAGAN, a man of more than ordinary intellect and force of character, had three other children: Edward, who, when quite young, was drowned in the Schuylkill River, and two daughters, who are still living.

HENRY'S early life was passed at and near Norwalk, and with Mr. William Hindes, of Erie county. He also lived a short time in Tuscarawas county, where he taught a country school. His advantages for acquiring an education were very limited, but his retentive memory and natural ability enabled him to turn them to good account. In 1849 he went to Sandusky City, where he

worked for David Campbell as a compositor in the *Clarion* newspaper office. During that year the town suffered terribly from the ravages of the cholera, and for a time was nearly depopulated, but young O'HAGAN bravely held his post. He left the case, however, after having learned to set type fairly well, and sought a more active business. For some time he was foreman in Gay's shipyard, where some government vessels were being built; later he was a traveling salesman for Upp Brothers, in the wholesale fish trade; and still later filled a similar position with the firm of Anthony & Co.; and here the sterling qualities of the young man gained for him the confidence and friendship of Mr. L. Anthony. In 1865 O'HAGAN, having acquired a practical knowledge of the fish trade, established himself in that business, and a few years later associated himself with his friend Anthony, under the firm name of H. E. O'Hagan & Co., the partnership continuing until the present time.

Mr. O'HAGAN was married to Miss MARY A. HINDES, October 1, 1860. This union was blessed with eight children, seven of whom (three sons and four daughters) are living. The eldest son (Henry E., Jr.), eighteen years of age, has, since his father's death, been appointed to a position in the office of Probate Judge Merrill, of Erie county, and, at that early age, shares and lightens his widowed mother's family cares.

While always active in local public affairs, Mr. O'HAGAN'S public life properly began with his election to the State Senate from the Thirtieth District, in 1879. A man of fine native abilities and most pleasing address, who made friends naturally, he was a popular candidate, and was elected in 1881 for a second term. But, prominent as our friend had become in politics, it is, perhaps, more as a Mason than a Senator that he was most widely known. From the date of his Master-Masonship, Feb. 24,

1863, in Perseverance Lodge, No. 329, he has been actively identified with the Ancient and Honorable Order. He passed rapidly through the higher degrees, being a member of Sandusky Chapter No. 26, Royal Arch Masons, and a charter member of Erie Commandery No. 23, Knights Templar. He was prominently identified with the Grand Commandery of the State, being, at the time of his death, Grand Standard Bearer of that body, and, some years ago, took his thirty-second degree. He was the next in rank in the Consistory of Ohio to have conferred upon him the thirty-third degree, the highest in the order of Masonry, and conferred only upon the limited number of two from each Consistory during their respective lives.

Senator O'Hagan died at his home in Sandusky, December 11, 1882, being somewhat less than forty-eight years old at the time of his death. Many of you will remember that two years ago, in this city, he had a severe attack of sickness, commencing with a congestive chill, and, notwithstanding his previous apparently robust health, the germs of a fatal disease already existed. About the same time, while on his way to the State House, he had a fall, and it is the belief of his wife that he then sustained permanent internal injuries. Last summer his health declined rapidly, and for seven weeks before his death he was confined to his bed, bearing his sufferings with great patience. His sickness has been reported as Bright's disease of the kidneys, but it was the opinion of some of the eminent physicians who attended him that he was afflicted with an affection of the heart.

This is a brief outline of Henry O'Hagan's outward life. He was not a thrifty man. He did not amass a fortune. But his family and his neighbors, and thousands of friends, will revere his memory. He was a warm personal friend of mine; but it is not my task to-day to speak at length of his character, his social qualities, or his genial nature.

REMARKS OF SENATOR MOSES H. KIRBY,

OF WYANDOT.

Mr. President: The daily mementoes of mortality that cross our path, the funeral bell that so often tolls in our ears, the mournful processions that go about the streets, sensibly admonish us that man is born to die. The coffin, the grave, the sepulchre, speak to us in language not to be misunderstood, however unheeded it may be, of man's latter end.

Manhood, in its wonted vigor and pride of strength, is not more exempt than decrepit and tottering age from the fixed law of our being which dedicates all that is mortal to decay and death.

That chair, once occupied by Senator O'HAGAN, now clad in the habiliments of mourning, betokens his death; that he has gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns; that he has gone to fulfill the destiny of all our race, and his body in the profound slumber of the grave to unite with its kindred dust. We sincerely lament his loss. Having occupied a seat by his side during two sessions of the General Assembly, I made his acquaintance, which soon ripened into genuine friendship. He was a genial and social gentleman, a devoted friend, a useful and practical statesman, ever alive to the best interests of the State, and assiduously attentive to the wants of his immediate constituents, discountenancing all improvident legislation.

Senator O'HAGAN must have been more than human had he not, like other men, had faults; but we will cast around his foibles, whatever they may have been, the broad mantle of charity, nor withold from his memory the just commendation which his virtues claim at our hands; for it is of record in the volume of eternal truth that perfection on earth has never been attained; the greatest and best men of all ages did most grievously err, and the wisest of our race went sadly astray.

Suffer, then, the apologies of human nature to plead in behalf of one who can no longer extenuate for himself. The last offices we pay to the dead are useless things except as they constitute lessons for the living. Our proceedings will have been vain and useless if they have failed to excite in us serious and solemn reflection, and to strengthen our resolution for future amendment.

Let *us*, then, be persuaded by the immutable certainty of death, and the vanity of all worldly affairs, to postpone no longer that preparation which it is wisdom to provide, and madness to defer. Let *us* embrace the present propitious moment, while time and gracious opportunity offer, and prepare for the exigencies of our latter end, when the pleasures of this world will be as poisoned cups to our lips, and the reflection consequent upon a well-spent life afford the only comfort and consolation.

We leave our departed colleague in the hands of One who doeth all things well, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders.

REMARKS OF SENATOR ROLLIN A. HORR,

OF LORAIN.

Mr. President: My personal acquaintance with Senator O'HAGAN began at the commencement of the Sixty-fourth General Assembly. I had long known of him, but had never met him until that time. Belonging, as we did, to different political organizations; not belonging myself to any of the secret societies of which he was such a conspicuous member, my regard for and attachment to him were wholly due to that quality or capacity of his nature that enabled him to captivate his fellow-men—that hearty grasp of the hand, that genial smile that ever lit up his countenance, that something which is so hard to describe, but which said to all who came in contact with him, "Here is a man whose great heart goes beyond party lines, goes outside of mystic orders, and holds within its sympathetic grasp the whole brotherhood of man."

As a man he was manly, impulsive, outspoken; sincere and generous; as an opponent bold and courageous—striking hard blows, but never hitting below the belt.

To-day, as we are trying to say a few fitting words commemorative of his life and services, my mind goes back to the time when some of us attended his funeral. There come back to me many of the kind words I heard said of him by his neighbors and friends—those with whom he had spent the active portions of his life. They all bore willing testimony to the fact that he was a

model husband and father. To me this means much; for he who has had the sense, the ability, and the good fortune to build for himself a home, such a one that when he comes in sight of it the little faces at the window look out and smile because "papa" is coming home, the countenance of the good wife lights up with pleasure, and the task of keeping that home bright and cheerful seems lighter when she sees that the work she does is fully appreciated by the husband of her youth and the father of her children,—he who has been able to erect such a home has surely not lived in vain, for he was able to carry sunshine and happiness within its doors.

Again, all testified to his being one of the kindest and best of neighbors. While talking with his business partner about the age of the late Senator, I was lamenting that one in the prime of life, in the midst of his usefulness, should be stricken down so soon. Said this gentleman, "If you count by years he was still young, but if you calculate from the actual enjoyment gotten out of life, and take for your standard the average man, on that basis O'HAGAN was one hundred years old at the time of his death." So we conclude that the people in the town where he lived were happier for his having lived in it.

Again, as we conversed with his brethren, the men who had met with him in the lodge, in the chapter, in the asylum, in the consistory, and heard the universal expressions of sorrow over his death, and as they told of the pleasant hours spent with him, one could not help thinking that the members of this mystic order had been the happier for his fellowship.

Again, as we think over the three winters spent with him in this chamber, we recollect his labors for his city, for his constituency, and for the whole State, of his kindly greetings and pleasant ways, and we at once con-

clude that the members of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth General Assembly have been happier because of his having been one of us.

As I stood by his open grave and listened to the sobs of his widowed wife and his orphan children, as they tried in vain to control the sorrow that completely overwhelmed them, because on that morning they had borne the loved husband and kind father away from that home where he was the idol of its inmates, and because they fully realized he could never cross its threshold again; as I listened to the solemn but beautiful burial service as it was recited by the officers of the fraternity who had the burial in charge; as I looked upon the casket that contained all that was mortal of the late Senator, the thought pressed itself upon me, "Where is O'HAGAN now, the real O'HAGAN, the immortal O'HAGAN?" At once I said to myself, I know not; this is the great mystery of mysteries. But one thing seems sure to me, that wherever, in the boundless universe of God, his present habitation may be, those who are with him are certainly happier for his presence. Since then I have been thinking over the many theories concerning the condition of those who have gone to the other side of the river, the inhabitants of that great unknown country from whence no traveler returns, and to-day I would fain believe the teachings of one of England's great philosophers, who believed that the spirits of the dead remained for a long time near the place of dissolution, that for a while they busy themselves in visiting the places and viewing the scenes they liked best in life. If that theory is true, I fancy that the spirit of the late Senator is now with us. If so, I trust he is able to look into the hearts of his old associates in this chamber, for there he will find no malice, no hatred—nothing but the feelings that are prompted by the remembrance of true regard and friend-

ship. If he could only speak to us from his seat yonder, he would bid us cease to mourn for the dead; he would tell each of us to go about the active concerns of life, to build for ourselves happy homes, to make the places where we reside the better for our living in them, to take up the duties of life, and so perform them that when the grim messenger shall call for us, those we leave behind will say the world is better, the people in it happier for our having lived in it. Farewell, O'HAGAN, we shall kindly remember you as long as we shall live.

REMARKS OF SENATOR ELMER WHITE,

OF DEFIANCE.

Mr. President: I shall speak to-day of a personal friend who has solved the mystery of the hereafter. I shall speak of him as I knew him, and as I respected him, and as I loved him. I shall not invest him with a halo of sanctimonious glory, nor perfection beyond his due. I shall not attempt flights of rhetoric to place him upon a plane above other mortals; but if I content myself to speak of an honest man, and honestly deal with his good qualities, others may be content to forget his frailties, and respect his memory as one who loved his fellow-man tenderly and truly.

There are times when men may well pause for a moment from the rush of present activity, and contemplate life in its social make-up, meditate upon its friendships, and, reflecting upon its losses and sorrows, draw some lessons which will render the present more beautiful, more sunny, and more satisfactory.

I remember once hearing Dr. Merrick, of Delaware, speak of the extending influence of human action, and he most beautifully illustrated the thought by the dropping of a pebble upon a smooth body of water. The little ripple first disturbed spread out in successive rings until the whole body felt the motion and action of the wavelet. So man's life-work goes on, widening from

home circle and social circle, each ring of thought and deed affecting somebody and working for good or for evil, as the busy days go by. I have often recalled that illustration, and it may be applied so forcibly to the life of him of whom I speak to-day.

A man whose life has been full of sunshine, has brightened many nooks and corners, has revived many drooping hearts, has cheered many faltering steps—a man whose open nature has drawn around him friends and companions without number, has not lived in vain. A good man always lives for a purpose; such a man departs with the blessings of friends and the regrets of community. A pleasant disposition is more precious than riches; it yields a thousandfold of happiness daily, and like the sweet odor of fragrant flowers, diffuses richness upon all surroundings.

I believe I am drawing no fanciful picture, nor weaving discordant threads in my woof when I think such a man was Senator HENRY E. O'HAGAN, whose early life-blight we all mourn. His life was most markedly full of sunshine. But the clouds have come; the eclipse is full; and memory alone remains to recall the pleasant rays which were wont to lighten his intercourse with friends. His genial nature inspired pleasantness among his fellow-men. His good character left an impress upon friends which time will not efface. His example might well be emulated, and his buoyant spirit might be envied by those whose gifts run in other directions. Kind as a gentle lady, at home he was the life and hope of a happy household. Honest and upright in business, he was a respected merchant, in whom the commercial world had confidence. True and courteous and loyal to friends, he was admired by neighbors at home, and esteemed by the public in general. Pleasant, agreeable, and exceedingly companionable, he was known well and favorably

by people in every surrounding State. Self-made, he was studious and apt in acquiring knowledge, and his fund of information upon current events was almost inexhaustible. He was the life of any company in which he was placed, and his good nature and affability were proverbial.

It was my good fortune to know Senator O'HAGAN many years, and in all that period I esteemed him as a very warm friend. Good counsel received from him nearly a score of years ago has never been forgotten. Kind words of friendship always came from his lips. I knew him in social relations, and in political triumphs and adversities. I associated with him in the legislation of State affairs, and found him a protector of people's rights, and never recreant in the discharge of his duties.

I met him frequently in the tiled recesses of the confraternity of brothers, where the mystic veil seemed to be lifted from the lapse of ages, and together we have meditated upon scenes which ought to make any man better for the association. That he should have been taken away so early in life is one of those acts of an inscrutable Providence, whose rulings we obey, but whose commands we cannot understand.

I last saw our departed friend a few weeks after the adjournment of the regular session of the Legislature last April; but a couple of months later, when I myself was prostrated upon a bed of sickness, and the thread of life became so attenuated that it seemed of its own tension it must break asunder; when closely drawn curtains and noiseless tread indicated a crisis, I remember a knock at the door of my home, and I remember the kind words of consolation and sympathy expressed to my family by the friend who used to be my companion; that friend whose absence we deplore to-day. As he turned from my house, little did he think, and little did I dream, that of

the two he would cross to the other side first, and be the first to take up the thread of work in eternity's realms.

Senator O'HAGAN was a valuable member of the Legislature of Ohio. Of his services in the Sixty-fourth General Assembly, I judge by current report, and I never heard aught against him. I was conversant with his work in the regular session of the Sixty-fifth General Assembly. He could always be relied upon for excellent work in committee; and, on this floor, we all know he had strong convictions which were forcibly but always courteously expressed.

I do not believe he ever intentionally wronged a person in his life. His tenacious adherence to principle sometimes caused antagonisms which were not pleasant, and his persistence in pursuing a course he deemed to be proper caused a few enemies, who pursued him relentlessly. One such was a brilliant journalist, at his own home, who repeatedly attacked him, unseemly, it appeared, unwarrantedly, and, it may be charitable to say, thoughtlessly. That it hurt, I knew to be a fact, although his friends in general knew not of his sensitiveness. I have seen the tear trickle down his cheek as his eye caught some expression which he said he could withstand himself, but disliked to have his family read, because of the wound it would produce. Brave-hearted, he would not let the world know of his own heart-sorrow, but from the shafts of newspaper attack he was helpless.

Mr. President, permit me to digress right here, and speak for a moment upon the proneness of modern journalism to goad public men, when kindlier treatment would oftentimes serve a better purpose. Having been a steady worker in the profession myself for nearly a score of years, I believe I may be excused for making this allusion. A pencil sharpened by sarcasm, shaped by spite, directed by ill-will, or used with a conscious-

ness of terrible power, is stronger than a sword-thrust; for in man's nature is a vulnerable spot somewhere, sure to be found and sure to be punctured. We, of the profession, might all improve, and mankind would not suffer if a different course should be pursued. Pleasant words are as easily written as caustic phrases. Kindness is more appreciated than hatred. Criticism is always proper, and there are occasions when severe lessons in duty need to be taught. The Press, rightly directed, is the greatest instructor of the age; but there is apt to be a disposition and a desire to get behind the great throne of power, and illy direct that immense engine which makes and unmakes parties, which defends and which can tear down character, which formulates new doctrines, and which removes the rubbish of past ideas. Great and powerful, it can do good, and, in general, it does do good. It is the proneness of the age to attack rather than advise, that we lament. Men's motives are often misconstrued and their good intentions misinterpreted and misrepresented. These attributes of modern journalism may not always be intended to injure; many times they are undoubtedly honestly put forth to correct growing abuses; and none will gainsay the assertion that there are great wrongs which would involve destruction of many interests, were it not for the restraint of newspaper opposition. To check evil by exposure, is a mission of journalism. To attack character and impute false motives, is not a mission of journalism.

I speak of these things, Mr. President, because I was familiar with the effect thoughtless or vindictive attack had upon Senator O'HAGAN. He was hurt; no one else was benefited. What was the profit? Nothing.

In politics Mr. O'HAGAN was a working Democrat. He labored for principles he believed to be right, and his services at his home and in neighboring counties

were fruitful of good results. His election to the Senate of Ohio was a reward for faithful party service, and for loyalty to home interests. He never betrayed a trust, and was true to the people he represented. Had he lived, his sphere of usefulness would undoubtedly have been extended. His character was above reproach, and he seemed to live to do his fellow-creatures a favor and a service. Living for others as well as himself, he left a record of honesty and good will that will be remembered long after his grave shall have become green, and his dust shall have commingled with mother earth. His religion consisted in a hopeful expectation of life and progress in the hereafter, and a living consciousness of having a mission of good to perform while here below. He was a member of a society where the religion of God and the religion of nature are corner-stones and a sure foundation. Upon solid rock he built his faith, and the edifice he erected thereon was complete and beautiful in his life-work of kindness to his fellow-men.

Senator O'HAGAN numbered his friends by thousands, and of the many visitors to this Senate, while he was a member, more persons would approach his desk and familiarly address him than any other Senator in the chamber. His friendliness was sincere. He was not a hypocrite, and hypocrites he despised. Other men are as able, others are as gifted, others are as honest, but none are more open-hearted, more generous, than was Senator O'HAGAN. His days of usefulness seemed not yet to have reached their zenith when he was called away. He was full of work and full of hope. Possessing no unseemly ambition, he was honored by his people, and in return his constituents were honored by him.

It is well, Mr. President, for us to put aside ordinary legislation upon an occasion like this, and speak of a good man in deserving terms. There is a hurry and a

bustle of life, at best, that need to be checked at times. It will soften antagonisms, and make the amenities of life more enjoyable. The clashings will be less frequent, and good cheer will oftener be expressed. And if there is a progressive future in that viewless realm of mystery, where development will be as marked as here in this mortal sphere, what strides ought the spirit of a man of kindly disposition and sunny character take toward a degree of perfection! Senator O'HAGAN lived not in vain. His struggles ended at death's door. His good lives after him and dwells with him. Let us remember him for his kindly nature. Let us forget his foibles and his frailties, for they were few. There is enough of his character for us to admire and imitate. What he was, was natural for him to be. The friend of all classes, he commanded the respect of all, and his death was regretted by all.

He served the State faithfully, and participated in legislation, not for self-popularity, but for public good. Firm in his political faith, he was generous to his opponents. Zealous in his advocacy of measures, he was courteous to those who differed with him. Gone early to his rest, he leaves a tablet in memory's treasure-house inscribed with deeds of self-denial, acts of charity, kindliness of spirit, and love for mankind.

Such a man, Mr. President, was Senator O'HAGAN. If I have overdrawn the picture, my great respect for him is my excuse. If I have said aught that may be deemed extravagant, it is because my love for him may have blinded my sense of justice. If I have uttered a thought, in my feeble attempt to vivify some of the recollections of his character, that will promote good feeling, kindly action, or better resolves, then I have not spoken in vain. He lived for his family, and his neighbors, and his friends. They mourn his death, and while we con-

dole with those who mourn, we rejoice that his life was worthy to be spoken of in terms of praise. "He needs no monument to tell the story of his eminence." His life was a daily round of good intentions engrafted upon the natures of those who came in contact with him. To live such a life is a nobility beyond princely inheritance. While he was clad in earthly habiliments, he used to point to this anchor of hope [pointing to the beautiful anchor of flowers on the late Senator's desk] as an emblem of his faith. That hope and that faith did not desert him in his last journey. He used to reflect upon this accacia as typical of that immortality which shall bless the future state. That immortality abides with him; and, conscious himself of doing mankind no wrong, he was not fearful of his future fate.

REMARKS OF SENATOR M. HARTSHORN,

OF STARK.

Mr. President and Fellow-Senators: I arise, not to pass any extended eulogy on the late Senator O'HAGAN. He needs none. I desire as a duty to make a few remarks, fearing silence might be misconstrued as indifference.

Irving has well said, that "the sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude." . . . . "No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul."

Those who have lost dear ones fully realize the truth of this sentiment. To the sorrowing family, who have lost a true and devoted husband and father, we extend heartfelt sympathy, commending them to Him who "doeth all things well."

Words are inadequate to express my feelings, my respect for this man—in fact, I had learned to more than respect him. He was generous, he was kind. He was frank, considerate, liberal, fearless, decisive, honest.

When duty called him he responded. His presence in the Chamber was like sunshine. All visited his desk. All went away pleased. Whatever may have been his faults, he was *pre-eminently* a man of good intentions. I had the pleasure and honor of serving with him during

the whole of the Sixty-fourth General Assembly and the first session of the Sixty-fifth. He was an efficient member of the Committee of Common Schools and School Lands, and a true friend of the great common-school system of our State.

He exhibited no partisan feeling in legislation for the public good. This remark creditably applies, we think, to all the members of the Senate, in both the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth General Assemblies. May it always be so.

On the 12th of December last the sad news reached us that HENRY E. O'HAGAN was no more. It seemed he died twice—did not care to die at all. Nine of his fellow-Senators attended his funeral, held in the Masonic Temple at Sandusky City, Sunday afternoon, December 18, 1882. We looked upon his once animated form, heard the beautiful, impressive, highly religious services of the Sir Knights, chanting solemn requiems, reciting precious passages from Holy Writ, reminding all of the solemnity and brevity of life. We beheld the emblems of respect and love, experienced the death-like stillness, heard the sobs of the sorrowing family.

We felt sad, bowed our heads in reverence, and said in our hearts, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

Though a keen, cutting wind came from the icy-clad bay, and mother earth was covered with the "beautiful snow," thousands of men, women, and children thronged the streets along which the funeral train passed. It seemed as though all Erie was there. The scene at the grave was touching. O'HAGAN was a Mason, high up in the mystic orders. After witnessing the impressive Scottish Rite ceremony, the transfer of the ring, in silence we bowed our heads and bade him adieu.

While his loss is greatly felt, let the fact impress us that we, too, are mortal—that one by one we must pass

over the river. I was struck with the remark made by the Senator from Wyandot, whose age has already reached over four-score years—that it signifies but little, these death-occurrences, unless we solemnly reflect and act upon the lessons they teach. In the language of Bryant,

> "So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan that moves
> To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon—but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

REMARKS OF SENATOR JOHN M. DICKINSON,

OF COLUMBIANA.

Mr. President and Fellow-Senators: I may add but little to what has already been so eloquently said. I only knew Senator O'HAGAN personally from the first meeting of the 65th General Assembly; though as a legislator, who has not known him ever since he has acted in that capacity in the State? Laboring assiduously for the interests of Ohio, advocating every measure that would tend to develop and place upon the market of the world her great agricultural, mineral, manufacturing and commercial industries, no one has worked more zealously not to have its productions surpassed by any State than he. Almost by individual effort and management he secured to the citizens of Ohio, be they epicure or stoic, a system for cheap and luxurious food-supply for the future—by fish-culture. No one in this body has been more watchful and vigilant in reference to what has always been the handmaid of religion and public virtue, and the foe to the tyrant, the demagogue, and to political intrigue, and is Ohio's grandest monument—the Common Schools of the State—at whose shrine, without price, alike the children of the rich and poor, the proud and humble, drink at a common fount that inspiration upon which his great ideal of representative government feeds and grows great

—by universal intelligence. He may have had his faults: he would not have been human else; but let those of the living who have none, only seek to sully the diadem of his many virtues, by breathing on its most precious ornament—a good name—the virtue of its wearer. Honestly differing from me in politics, yet conceding to me in his great charity, I had of right to opinions of my own, he labored for and was esteemed and honored by his party; but as a legislator he rose above partisanship when he worked for that noblest motto of government—the greatest good to the greatest number; and if he swerved from that, it was to protect the weak against the strong. As a State Senator, he bore the dignity accorded to the office lightly, but he honored and dignified the office by his innate good sense. As a gentleman, to those not having his acquaintance he might seem austere and contentious, but his ready and unanswerable humor was, without giving offense, sure to be felt by him who started contention. Of him as we knew him only can I speak; we can say nothing to Senator O'HAGAN; he has passed beyond the portals of mortality; behind that pale I seek not to go. Sufficient for me to know, that, whether a professor of any religious creed or not, and I care not, nay the more so, in that he followed the footsteps of the example set by the Divine Master—he lived to do good to his fellow-man, and not for a creed—though an honest heart and a manly purpose are seldom united—were united in him. Then we can but offer the evergreen wreath—the emblem of our sorrow; and the anchor—that bids us to hope—to the memory of our fellow co-worker, which is but another admonition, that, in the long vista of the past, shadowy with the storms of forgotten years, men were born, lived to fill their allotted sphere, and died; not one of whom but has in some way contributed to the

good of those who have followed them. Our deceased friend has done his work well. Let us profit by his example; and if science is untrue—that we live in form and identity after our bodies have been dissolved by the elements—then who of us shall be the first to see Senator O'HAGAN as he is?

REMARKS OF SENATOR COATES KINNEY,

OF GREENE.

Mr. President and Senators: In this Divine Comedy of existence—this tragedy of dreams and delusions—the most real transaction is death. And yet, when we come to analyze our feelings with regard to this great tragic reality, we find the difficulty of realizing it to be the most shocking phase that the subject presents to our contemplation.

> "Every moment *dies* a man,
> Every moment one is born."

Every moment—every beat of the clock—one of the fourteen hundred million dies. Every swing of the pendulum ticks some one of us off into eternity. Death in the home, death in the market-place, death on the sea, death on the battle-field, death in the Senate-house. It is the reality of all realities; and yet how hardly we realize it. How hardly do we realize it even in the case of a familiar friend, a close companion. When we saw him last his blood was warm, his quick pulse was beating, like ours, his brain was on fire with these emotions, these ambitions, these dreams, of ours. Word comes that he is dead. The word is shocking; but its meaning we do not realize. We can not take it into our consciousness that he has been suddenly and utterly blotted out of this earthly existence. We miss him, and we look

for him. We dream of him, and, waking in the morning, expect to hear him call our name. The door opens, and we look for him to enter.

Who of you, Senators, can disillusion yourselves of that thought with regard to our dead fellow-Senator from Erie? Who of you that does not start with surprise when, on looking round for a quorum, he sees in the place of that Senator's jovially living and hearty presence "but the trappings and the suits of woe?" Who of you that, when the roll of the Senators is called, would be astonished, for the instant, to hear O'HAGAN's full-voiced and ringing ay or no?

So hard it is to realize what death can do—what death has done here. Senator O'HAGAN was such a positive quantity in life that it is doubly difficult to conceive of him as no longer alive. Big-bodied, big-hearted, big-brained, full of the generous juices of life to the finger-tips, in the ardent and vigorous prime of his years, how can he be dead? The death of an old man, burdened and bent with infirmities and sorrows, we readily accept as in the cruel order of nature—pitiless and inexorable nature. But, as our late fellow-Senator is reported to have said, with his grim humor, when his physician informed him that he must die within a few hours, "What! is there not science enough in the nineteenth century to save a fellow from death?"

Surely, there ought to be. If such a good fellow as that, with such vital forces, and at such an age, could not be rescued from death by science, then, pray, what is science worth? And, if science can not save us here, what can it do for us as to hereafter? Nothing, nothing. Our dying friend's solemnly humorous question implies much more of satire than it expressed. Science, as yet, stops a long way this side of death. The time may come when it shall go with us down to the very brink of

the grave. But there it must always part with us. There, only faith and hope can take us by the hand and lead us on. Groping science could not find for our friend the path of old age to the confines of the other world. Science had to abandon him in the darkness. To faith and hope we commit him.

I am not going to ask the solemn question which the sublime Hebrew, Job, propounded in the days of old, "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" I do not know, any more than old Job knew. But this I verily believe, and I think there is no Senator here but will justify my belief, that, if HENRY O'HAGAN has consciousness at all, anywhere in the universe, he is conscious of no other than good will to men, and is happy in that consciousness.

For that is the secret of happiness. That is heaven in the soul, wherever the soul is. Our departed Senator had that secret, and he was a happy man. He filled his world full of friends—real friends. He was a popular man—popular in both parties, popular with men, women, and children; because he had that faculty of popularity which comes from a genuine and generous liking for humankind. If he was a little iron-clad exteriorly, that was but a thin surface-plating; within, as his thousand friends, men, women, and children, and the very dogs in the street, knew—within, he was all gold. He was a genuine man, a magnanimous man, a man of firm convictions underneath his big laugh, and of courage and ability to maintain them; but without hate enough in his nature to pursue a wrong-doer outside of his dooryard. The lawyers will appreciate the saying that, *prima facie*, he was a fierce lion, but, *on the merits*, he was a woman—a woman's heart, without womanly weakness.

The State has lost in him a capable and conscientious

servant; we have lost a respected compeer and a most delightful and jovial companion; his multitude of acquaintances, social, commercial, political, have lost a cherished friend; his home has lost all its light—all except the living faith which the dear memory of such a husband, such a father, such a man, gives added inspiration to—the faith that there is another home for the reunion of him and his bereaved, and for the final meeting of us all.

REMARKS OF SENATOR JOHN D. JONES,

OF LICKING.

Mr. President: I rise on this mournful occasion with great diffidence. Mourning with me is an affair of silence. Solitude surrenders a man to the sweetness of sorrow. The expression of sorrow ends it; language and lamentations are the evaporation of deep feeling. It is well that it is so, for the accumulated bereavements of mankind, without any escape, would soon crush out hope and life. The result of life is the end of it. Death comes at last to all, and bears away humanity to the experience beyond. Whether that experience shall be appreciable or inappreciable—annihilation, or a world of bright perfection, where beauty and harmony beyond mortal conception is realized and enjoyed, is a question no man can answer. No messenger or message is ever received by man from beyond the dark limit. Impenetrable and unexplored is that dark region! If a man die, shall he live again? That is the question. No facts present an answer. Or is the universal longing for immortality to be accepted as a proof of its existence? Because a man would live after life, will he live? Who can say? Stand on the yawning brink of the grave and see the lifeless clay of a friend laid away forever, and ask yourself is that all? Who is it that will not reject the affirmative, and answer, "No." And yet does not the wish dictate the answer? All things dis-

integrate, and forms vanish. Every animated thing sinks into the dull clod, and never reappears again. Immortality is mystery, unknown and unknowable.

But whether the soul of man "puts on immortality" after death or not; whether it is snuffed out like the flickering candle flame, or absorbed in the great pervading soul of the universe, or has an individual existence, or whatever may become of his individuality, the man that dies is not lost. Man has a potency which death does not destroy; which marches on down the ages coexistent with humanity.

The woodman chops down the oak, and the monarch of the forest lies prostrate before the subjects of his dominion; but do all the trees of the wood thereupon spring into existence unaffected by the previous life of the fallen tree? By no means. The direction of every limb and leaf in the whole forest has been determined with reference to the tree which has been chopped down. Shall that influence ever fade away? Not while a tree of all the forest stands.

So with man. The potency of his existence lasts to the extinction of humanity. His actions and his influences cease not with his breath.

Senator O'HAGAN has paid the penalty of the living. But is he dead? Does it seem as if he was dead? Look at his place in the Senate, and it is vacant and draped with the insignia of mourning. His form is not seen; but is it not present? He was a man of large physique, apparently hearty and vigorous. But more than that, there was a presence about him which was not brawn; an atmosphere which extended beyond arms-length; which preceded him as he approached, and lingered after his departure. It heralded his arrival, and its disappearance attested his absence. It was an atmosphere individual to him, which filled the cabin

when he was present, and was equally capable of filling the palace when he was present there. Concentrated around his body, it used to fill this chamber. And has it departed now? Look at the place where his form used to be seen as he arose to address us. Do we not see a clearly defined vacancy, a dark, inanimate void of the exact proportion and form of the Senator from Erie, just as if he had sunk, leaving the impress of his body on the surrounding element as if it were plastic clay, while around on every side emanates as a flood of light the gladdening atmosphere of the man.

Do we not still seem to hear his voice and grasp his hand? But his hand is nerveless and his voice is silent. The melody of his life is still sounding on.

As for Senator O'HAGAN, it is enough to say, "He was honest." Honesty is the god-attribute in man. And, my fellow-Senators, by honest endeavor we shall deserve the commendation of our fellows, and in the hereafter the approbation of the Ruler of all.

REMARKS OF SENATOR JOHN E MYERS,

OF CLERMONT.

Mr. President: I might here properly say that my acquaintance with our deceased friend and colleague, Hon. H. E. O'Hagan, began with my Senatorial service in the Sixty-fifth General Assembly, having had prior thereto only such knowledge of the deceased Senator as could be gleaned through the public press, wherein his name frequently appeared in connection with events as they transpired and were chronicled from time to time therein, as one of the leading actors in the affairs of busy life. Personal contact and acquaintance soon begot respect for the many noble and magnanimous traits of character with which both his head and heart were endowed.

Firmness in what he believed to be right was happily blended with courtly congeniality, and that great noble heart throbbed with most kindly impulses of humanity and generous friendship. Let us here record our testimony to his earnest fidelity to the interests of the people of his district, and the interests of the people of the great State of Ohio, of which he was so fine an exemplar in both his physical and intellectual strength. Yea, let us here record our high respect for the many noble qualities which the deceased Senator possessed in a rare degree, and drop a tear of sincere grief that we are deprived of that social and official intercourse which

was an ever-recurring pleasure to us all. When we cast our eyes toward his now vacant desk, and there behold the reminders of his mortality, placed there by loving and kindly hands to testify our grief, our wonder and surprise overcome us that one so strong, so full of life, so full of hope, should leave us without a warning note, without one farewell, without a parting word. How sad to contemplate the fate that snatched away the towering form that stood among us like to the mighty oak among the forest trees. Bow down our souls with fear and grief, not reft of hope, at the command of Him who rides the darkened clouds and sports upon the tumultuous waves, who bids the spheres and they obey. The seasons come and go. Time rolls on, and with it ever-recurring changes. Mortality of to-day puts on immortality to-morrow. The space from the cradle to the grave is but a span, and man walks through the open door of life, to rest him in the elysian fields beyond. Beautiful summer clothes the earth with an emerald robe, and all nature smiles and sings its harmonious symphonies to the Author of life and immortality beyond the grave. Autumn brings its ripened fruits, and nature trembles with occasional whisperings from the north. The hoar frosts check the rush of life, and the earth disrobes to lie down in the lap of gloomy winter. The leafy robes of jocund summer are laid aside at the bidding of the northern blast. The vivifying influences bounding through all the avenues of life are stilled, and a sleep as of death spreads itself abroad, until the fiat goes forth of an all-pervading and watchful power, bids the reopening of the ways of life, and earth to awake and lay aside its frosted shroud. The stillness of apparent death is past. The wintry winds and fitful gusts of northern blasts yield up their blighting power to the softening and subduing influences of the vernal breeze.

The breath of life goes forth, and in response thereto the mysterious forces of nature are animated with renewed vigor. The tiny blade of grass peeps forth. The rose-bud gladly welcomes that hidden and mysterious power, in the embrace of which, and by its animating force, it opens its petals to the grateful gaze of him who worships beauty. The transition from apparent death to renewed life and beauty is complete. The songs of joy are heard. The harp is taken from the willows, and the glad strains thereof go forth on the gentle breeze, to remind us that death is swallowed up in renewed life. So of our departed friend. Yonder are the emblems of his fate. Those flowers bloom to-day, to-morrow wither, fade, and die. The beautiful summer of his life has fled. The ripened fruit of the wisdom of his autumnal existence is gathered and laid away in the wintry grave to rest, while the snow-flakes thickly, fastly, softly fall thereon, until the gentle vernal zephrys shall dissolve the cerements of the grave, and reawaken the inanimate form of him we loved to renewed life and to immortality.

"Ah, how the scene has changed; upon its flight sublime
His liberated soul has sped away and gone;
Boldly has it passed the gates of time
And awoke in eternity's bright dawn."

REMARKS OF SENATOR HORACE WILSON,

OF FRANKLIN.

Mr. President and Senators: I, perhaps, should not say a word, and yet I am constrained to add a few sentences to what has been already so well said, though it be somewhat a repetition.

A year ago on the first Monday of this January, thirty-three Senators met in this chamber, representing every one of the districts of this great State. They were in a measure strangers to each other. A few had a passing acquaintance; half a dozen, it may be, were intimate. They came from every part of the State, representing a different constituency, with different habits, pursuits and surroundings; they came as individuals to form one common body—the Senate of Ohio—each a greater or less factor of an entirety. Introductions and interchanges of thought and sentiment followed the oath of office. Soon little words and kindly sentiments began, like a spring brook, to percolate and pass from one to another, until in a few days each had given out those unmistakable characteristics which well up and come unconsciously, showing the force and power of head, heart, and the culture of the man. It is no derogation to others to say that the dead Senator from Sandusky was a prime factor in this body. Very soon kindly offices, tendered and received by each from the other, widened and deepened this little brook, till there was a

broad and deep stream of manly affection and friendship formed which permeated the Senate, I believe, during the entire session, and which will last whilst memory and thought remain. The manly, warm words that came from HENRY O'HAGAN, as a Senator or an individual, always seemed to meet a hearty response from every member; and if he was not the fountain-head of this spring-brook of kindly feelings, he was a bubbling spring that always overflowed with heartiness and good will.

Senator O'HAGAN was one of the first to meet me and greet me with a hearty greeting. His positive, robust nature, his clear, ringing voice, his broad shoulders, his kindly but strongly marked face, his hearty welcome shake of the hand, told me at once I could trust him. He was a true man.

Why do certain men impress us strongly? Why did men gather from all over the State at his home, and there shake and sob with such genuine sorrow over his bier? Why did ten thousand people follow him to his grave? Why are we here to-day speaking with full hearts and true sorrow of HENRY O'HAGAN? Why is the flag upon the State House at half mast? Why this his desk at my left draped in mourning and bedecked with flowers? I will tell you why; because the man had within him a power in life to compel people to love him, and unsciously he put forth that power from his head, his heart, and his strong arm.

He was my brother. He sat beside me in this Senate Chamber. The mystic tie that bound us together warmed into active life all those good qualities of our nature which live with a good life and die only with death.

The tie is broken, but I still love his memory. I can now almost hear his voice as he came in and would say "Good morning, Wilson," with a heartiness that few

could express. He loved his home, his family ; and his own domestic altar was to him a sacred resting-place. "I am going home to my wife and children," he would say, "and there I can have some fun." He knew that there, as he said, he could find "eyes that would look brighter when he came." He is gone, now ; this vacant chair he will occupy no more. He is beyond the river ; and the Divinity which shapes our destinies here and hereafter will do all things well with him.

REMARKS OF SENATOR JOHN K. POLLARD,

OF ADAMS.

Mr. President: For the first time in four years the Ohio Senate has convened without the genial presence of our lamented friend, the late Senator from Erie, HENRY E. O'HAGAN. Although I have known him for but this brief period, it did not require an acquaintance of four years, or of even *one* year, to learn the admirable characteristics of which he was the possessor, and which so endeared him to all who were brought into his society. No member of the Senate came here a stranger, while Senator O'HAGAN was with us, but was surprised and touched by his generous welcome. His heart was filled with noble impulses, and he was ever ready to obey them.

Mr. O'HAGAN, in all his private and public relations, seems to have kept steadily in view the principle,

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Without ostentation, he aimed simply to find his reward in the consciousness of duty well and faithfully discharged. He was not demonstrative nor bitter in politics, yet none the less sincere, earnest, and consistent, and the majority on this floor, while they have differed radically from him on the important public questions of the day, will bear willing and uniform testimony that with him the asperities of party strife were

REMARKS OF SENATOR D. A. HOLLINGSWORTH,

OF HARRISON.

Mr. President: My name is not on the programme for to-day, and I had no thought of participating until the Senator from Stark remarked that silence on his part might be misconstrued. For this reason, and having, like the Senator, been associated in this chamber for three years with our deceased brother, I ought, perhaps, to explain why I do not now add my meed of praise to the tributes already paid to his memory.

On occasions like the present, I always prefer to remain silent—silence to me is sometimes more eloquent than the most fervid oratory. The ways of Providence are truly mysterious. Death comes among us, and, so far as human eyes can see, often strikes down the most worthy—those whose loss is greatest to their friends, society and the world. The man of generous impulses, filled, as the Senator from Greene has well said, with the rich juices of life, is frequently taken, and a miserly neighbor left to pursue his selfish, uncharitable course to its natural ending. The man of business activity, with heart and mind alive to the active industries of the people and the hopes and wishes of his fellow-man, drops suddenly, and the whole world mourns his loss, while drones are permitted to continue their aimless lives. Leaders in the political world fall by the wayside, and the moths that surround them flutter on, and

always softened by the amenities of gentlemanly intercourse.

From what I have learned of him since I have served as a member of this body, in my intercourse with him as a Senator and as a man, I am impressed that Mr. O'HAGAN was a gentleman of sterling traits of character. He was a kind, loving father, a faithful friend, a good citizen. He was remarkable for his public spirit, always manifesting the liveliest concern in the best interests of his home city. He was of the true glory of the world, a self-made man. He was of the "noblest work of God," an "honest man."

The memory of HENRY E. O'HAGAN will be cherished tenderly by all who served with him in the Ohio Senate. With the mourning family and the large circle of friends we join in the remembrance of his virtues and in an affectionate regard for his character. Not merely in the hollow observance of custom do we pause in our labors, and pay this tribute to his exalted worth; for his face and form are imperishably before us, and his memory will be cherished in our hearts forever.

often live to enjoy themselves in the reflected light of other leaders. The loving husband and father is summoned from helpless wife and children, while the one whose very existence makes life a burden to his family is spared to wickedness and sin. The Christian mother, engaged in training her young children in the paths of virtue, is suddenly and without warning called to her reward, while the mother of the neglected child of the street goes on in her giddy round of pleasure.

It seems, in fact, to human eyes, that the choicest flowers are plucked; the brightest and most promising child—often an only one—is taken; the tenderest ties of family and friends are sundered; the strongest column is broken; and yet we are told, and, however mysterious, we know that it is true, that the Great Ruler of heaven and earth doeth all things well. In the presence of death, if nowhere else, we realize the inscrutable wisdom of the Master; and learn to bow submissively to His will.

So, now, although I fully appreciate, endorse, and, from an intimate personal acquaintance, sincerely emphasize all that has been said in honor of the distinguished dead, and feel that many of us might have been taken with less loss to the world, yet it comports better with my feelings of respect for the memory of a dead friend, to remain silent, and in silence say—"Thy will be done."